

The Critic

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America and Alpha Delta Phi.

THE FIFTY-SIXTH annual reunion of the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity—the oldest of the college secret societies of America—was held at the Metropolitan Opera House on Thursday evening, May 3d. It followed a secret session, by daylight, in the Masonic Temple, at which every one of the eighteen Chapters was represented; and differed from that by being largely attended, not only by the college men who belong to the Fraternity, but by a host of their friends as well, including ladies. The speakers of the evening were the President of the Fraternity, Mr. Joseph H. Choate; his successor, Rev. Edward Everett Hale; Mr. George William Curtis, and Mr. Everett P. Wheeler. Mr. Curtis's theme was 'The Ideals of Alpha Delta Phi,' and Mr. Wheeler's 'The Fraternity of Alpha Delta Phi, the Embodiment of the True American Spirit.' As their remarks were very imperfectly reported by the daily press, we take pleasure in printing, from the speakers' notes, the substance of the two more notable speeches of the evening—those of the retiring President and his successor. After congratulating the Fraternity upon its past history (including its literary successes in the production of such men as Lowell, Curtis, Hale, Phillips Brooks, Beecher, Drs. Storrs and Hitchcock, and Presidents Eliot, Dwight and Gilman), and its promise for the future, and drawing a contrast between the condition of things in which it had its origin, fifty-six years ago, and that which now prevails, and especially to the infinitely wide circulation now given to everything said that is worth hearing, Mr. Choate continued:

I do not refer to this remote past and this day of small things in which our Fraternity had its origin—at the very threshold and starting-point, as it were, of our national progress—for the purpose of claiming for it the credit of all the great and good things which have since been accomplished—although our Catalogue will show that, in the triumphs of War and the not less renowned victories of Peace our brethren had at least a fair share, as was to be expected of a brotherhood which made intellectual aims and manly character the standard of its membership.—I go back to these humble beginnings of things, in the midst of which our Fraternity life began, only to remind you, by the startling contrast which suggests itself without any description or recital, of the changed conditions under which educated men live to-day, and how everything that has contributed to modern progress has only magnified and multiplied the powers and the responsibilities of the true scholars and learned men of the day in their relations to their fellow-citizens and fellow-men. No man to-day who has a light can hide it under a bushel. Whoever thinks, if his thoughts amount to anything, thinks for a nation, and when a really great man speaks, he speaks to all the world.

A striking illustration of this condition of things, of this supreme power and responsibility of the great scholar to-day, has been furnished us within the past month by the almost simultaneous utterance, on the two sides of the Atlantic, of profound and searching criticisms by England's foremost writer and critic and by America's greatest scholar and poet, in which they discuss our present condition—the one with regard to the state of our politics, the other as to our place in what he calls the higher civilization. The one of these great men speaks on a New York platform, and the other writes almost at the same moment in an English magazine; and straightway all England and America are set to thinking upon

what they say. The words of each of these men cut deep, and if you will compare them with the daily jargon which is now being poured out in Congress on either side of the Tariff question, which nobody reads at all, or with the bouts of Senatorial prize-fighters, which nobody ought to read, you will realize how broad and grand is the theatre in which the scholar and the thinker plays his part. I call your attention to these two utterances because, although at first blush their combined effect seems a little discouraging to the pride or vanity of the patriotic American, a more careful perusal leaves upon the mind a most hopeful view of our affairs, and of the possibilities of our future.

It so happened that, only two years before, Mr. Arnold, in a previous article on America, had given us politically and socially a clean bill of health, and had declared with great emphasis that the people of the United States had solved the political problem and the social problem with undeniable success. And as if anticipating Mr. Lowell's somewhat gloomy apprehensions about corruption in our public life and about our practical politics breeding only a race of small politicians, he had used this remarkable language:—'The Americans themselves use such strong language in describing the corruption prevalent among them, that they cannot be surprised if strangers believe them. For myself, I had heard and read so much to the discredit of American political life—how all the best men kept aloof from it, and those who gave themselves to it were unworthy,—that I ended by supposing that the thing must actually be so, and that the good Americans must be looked for elsewhere than in politics.' But when he came here he said that 'at one dinner in Washington he met half a dozen politicians whom in England we should pronounce to be Members of Parliament of the highest class, in bearing, manners, tone of feeling, intelligence and information. And I discovered that, in truth, the practice so common in America of calling a politician "a thief" does not mean so very much more than is meant in England when we have heard Lord Beaconsfield called a "liar" and Mr. Gladstone a "madman." It means that the speaker disagrees with the politician and dislikes him.'

Now Mr. Arnold was a warm friend to America, and had many warm friends here, and it is not too much to say that his death is lamented here as sincerely as in England; and when you read his last article, his dying message to America, although he too uses strong language when he says that 'in what concerns the higher civilization we live in a fool's paradise,' he concedes, you see, that for those who live in it, it is still a Paradise, and you necessarily draw very great encouragement from the meagre facts which he states in support of this theory. The lack of beauty and the lack of distinction are all that he alleges, and when he gives his specifications for these charges, he is open in part at least to contradiction. When he found no interesting landscapes, he tried the impossible task of framing an indictment against a continent. When he found no beauty here, it must have been for lack of opportunity, for evidently he had never been at a reunion like this. Then, when he surveyed our historical public characters, and found that Washington alone had what he calls distinction, and that Lincoln, with all his great and good qualities, for which he gives him full credit, had not what he calls distinction, we perceive that it is a kind of distinction which we can very well do without, and still find many a great American interesting to ourselves, his countrymen. And we leave Mr. Lowell to answer him for us, by saying, as he does: 'I am thankful to have been the contemporary of one among the greatest of men, of whom I think it is safe to say that no other country and no other form of government could have fashioned him, and whom posterity will recognize as the wisest and the most bravely human of modern times. It is a benediction to have lived in the same age and country with Abraham Lincoln. Had democracy born only this consummate flower and then perished like the century-plant, it would have discharged its noblest function.' Thus in a multitude of critics as of counsellors, there is safety; and though we must plead guilty to a want of cathedrals and of abbeys and parish churches, and of everything else which has come down from a remote antiquity, and to an unbridled and licentious press which invades the sanctity of every home and the privacy of every life,—though the game of brag is still our popular game, and almost nobody ventures to condemn it,—yet if these are all that makes America unfit to live in, they are but faults and blemishes which time, we hope, will cure; and in the meanwhile, until we can make it better, we must be content with America as a tolerable place for Americans to live in, and thank God for that. Mr. Lowell frankly concedes that we are suffering no evils but those which time and faith will cure. And his address itself is, as it seems to me, the best—and a complete—answer to his own complaint of the decay of our politics and our public men. When such men as James Russell Lowell and those associated with him in the independent movement, devote themselves with such courage and ardor as they have done for the last four years to the study of practical politics, it can no longer

be said with truth that the best men in the country abstain from that important pursuit, and leave it to corrupt and mercenary inferiors; and surely there is no body of men in any country who have practised politics to such advantage and with such eminent success as they have done. They have dictated nominations, and boast with reason that the balance of power is in their hands. However we may question their methods and doubt their conclusions, the potency of their action is no longer open to dispute.

I do, however, most earnestly dissent from the proposition which they so strongly urge, that there is no hope of reform within the ranks of both, or either, of the great political parties into which the country is naturally divided, and that the only hope of reform is from without. They may succeed, as they certainly have succeeded, as politicians. They may demoralize, but they must confess, as their most candid advocates have confessed, that they have wholly failed to reform. On the contrary, I confidently believe that the decay of our politics which all must acknowledge has arisen in no small measure from the neglect of their political rights and duties, for the last twenty years, by the great body of the educated men of the country, and the still greater body of the business men of the country, whereby the management of party affairs has been left so largely to those who make it a trade and a profession; and so I hail with delight and satisfaction the revival of interest and action, in any form, in these great representative classes of the community.

The renewed attention which has been given of late years in all our leading colleges and universities to the study of political economy and other public and constitutional studies, is one of the most cheering signs of the times; and if by this or any other means the great body of our young graduates as they enter into active life can be inspired with the earnest purpose to be faithful to their political duties and trusts, the much-needed reform will be already secured. The truth is that, in all our great cities especially, the struggle for professional and business success is so intense, the struggle for existence and position so overwhelming, that the plea is too often accepted that our best men have no time for consideration and action upon public affairs. But if our institutions and liberties are worth saving, they can only be saved by eternal vigilance and action on the part of those whose education and interest in the public welfare qualify them to take part in the public questions on which it depends. Our unexampled material progress and success are in one respect our greatest danger; but the true antidote to the intense and growing materialism of the age and country is in the hands of our educated men, and if these fail us, we may well despair. There is surely no lack among us of the raw material of statesmanship, as Mr. Lowell has so truly declared; and when any great peril overhangs the country, as in the case of our Civil War, great men will be ready for the emergency, and new Lincolns and Stantons and Grants will arise to meet it. But what I plead for is a little more—yes, a great deal more—of attention in ordinary times to public duties, on the part of those who are qualified to discharge them; and so, and so only, shall we have purer politics and better government.

Mr. Hale was introduced as a man who had travelled farther, worked harder, and said more, for Alpha Delta Phi than any other brother. His subject was: 'How to Serve the Commonwealth.' The following are the principal parts of his address:

One of our observant friends, who had just returned from Berlin, said to me that he was greatly impressed, when he observed the effect of the German military service on the characters of men. You see a young man in the evening, elegantly, perhaps effeminately dressed, fanning a lady, talking nonsense to her, or feeding her with ice-cream, and you feel that he is a mere butterfly. But next morning, as you take your walk after breakfast, you meet the same man in his uniform, marching stoutly into town, at the head of his company or his regiment, and you know that he has been obliged, for ten or fifteen miles, to tramp that distance in the service of his country. Our friend said to me that this personal lesson to every young German, that he must do something for the public good, was a lesson of the first importance; and he asked me, somewhat painfully, what lesson our favored or our gilded youth—what lessons such men as you, the members of Alpha Delta Phi—have, in America, which correspond to this. Recollect, you have the advantage of everybody. The country has founded for you these universities. The country has given you this education. Now, where is it, that, the day you leave college, you begin to serve the country? Where is it that you do your share for the commonwealth which has done so much for you?

Before we can answer this question, we must free ourselves from a mistake which all our foreign critics make, and which many of our own people make, who have been trained by our foreign critics.

It is the mistake which supposes that those men are not in public service who are not in the ranks of what is called the public administration. No person on the other side of the water can be made to understand that our Congress is not in the same place as the British Parliament, or that the President of the United States has absolutely different functions from those of the Queen of England. We ought to understand it, and if we do understand it, we shall be free from our first mistake in this business.

Many a man is in the public service here who never accepted any commission whatever in the political administration. Was not Charles Sumner in the public service, years upon years, before he was chosen a Senator of the United States? And yet he had never been elected to any public office until then. What do you learn in the history of the country? Who are the men who did the most in the first twenty-five years of this century to make America the America of to-day? If one is to mention names, the two first men of those leaders are Eli Whitney and Robert Fulton. Eli Whitney—remember that, young gentlemen,—within one year after he graduated from Yale College, had made the invention which changed the commerce of the world, changed the manufacturing system of the world, and made the whole commercial movement from which resulted the commerce of America for the first sixty years of this century. Was not he in the public service? Are we not to consider that he entered the public service, because indeed it happens that he was never chosen a member of the Common Council of the city of New Haven, or of the city of Savannah? And Robert Fulton—was not he in the public service? Robert Fulton held firmly to the Idea. He determined that the waters of the West should be navigated by steam. By his invention, he gave to that region all the value that it had before the system of railroads was perfected. A country that even Mr. Gallatin said was worthless, in the negotiations at Ghent, was called into being for practical purposes by Robert Fulton's great invention. And am I to be told that Robert Fulton was not in public life, because he was not an Alderman of the city of Philadelphia? So I might speak of Daniel Boone, of Rufus Putnam, and the other great leaders of emigration. Remember that this Western emigration, which makes the America of to-day, was discouraged by every leading politician of that time; and when you think of the men to whom America owes its immense advance for the first quarter of this century, do not think of Jefferson or Madison or Monroe, the people who happened to stand as the figure-heads of the political administration, but think of Eli Whitney, of Robert Fulton, and of the leaders of the pioneers,—these are all men in public life, and they are quite as well worth your meditation as are any of the men who have accepted distinctively political careers.

The truth is (which you and I are to remember, whether our friends on the other side of the water understand it or not), that the Congress of the United States has not to attend to one-hundredth part of the details which fall, for instance, upon the legislative assembly of the Republic of France. It would be idle for me to stop to explain this to an American audience. But when we are asked, in this sickly way, why our young men, the moment they graduate from college, do not offer themselves as candidates for Congress, we must reply to our kind critics from the other side, that there are not places enough in Congress to go around. I am speaking to five hundred young men of Alpha Delta Phi—who, of course, we think, in the first place, would be the first persons to be chosen. Now, if you put together the representatives in Congress and the representatives in the Legislature of New York, there are not places enough to go round—not enough for us all who are in this room at this moment.

I do not think, indeed, that the critics, on this side or on the other side, rightly comprehend the value of the services which loyal men render in State Legislatures in the government of this country. They do not comprehend the importance of the trust committed to those men. It is a great thing to be the representative, for all the purposes of legislation of the State of New York, of forty or fifty thousand persons. I will not pretend to give accurate figures, but on a rough estimate, I suppose that every member of the lower house at Albany represents about forty-three thousand people. I understand that, on the recent estimates in England, every Member of Parliament represents forty-six or forty-seven thousand people on the average. The contrast, then, when you are speaking of public service, should be, not simply between the number of educated men in the State of New York who go into Congress, and the number of educated men who go into the British Parliament. It should fairly take into account the number of men who go into your State Legislature.

I am sorry to hear even a few persons laugh at this comparison. I doubt very much if the current habit, either of the press or of private conversation, does justice to the loyal work which is done by the members of the State Legislatures of this country—a work to

which this country is very largely indebted. If I, an outsider, may be permitted to speak of the Legislature in Albany, in answer to the laugh which I heard just now, at this moment I remember three gentlemen whom I have known, and but three gentlemen whom I have known, who were members of that body. I should be sorry not to say that those three gentlemen would have done honor to any legislative body of which I ever read, since legislative bodies have taken on the form which they have assumed in modern times.* Wherever gentlemen go, I beg they will remember that the duty which they do in politics, as members of the local government of their cities, or of the state government of their States, is to be compared, not unfavorably, with the work which is done by the few men who, under our system, can be Members of Congress.

But, as I say, I am urging no man to attempt to crowd into the few positions which the administration offers in a country like ours, which has so many men fitted for every place of administration. For myself, I never forget that remark of Abraham Lincoln in his first Message, that there were single regiments in the national service which could fill with dignity and honor every important place in the central administration of the national Government. We all want to serve the commonwealth. We remember how large is the wealth in common. For instance, where I live, and, I think, where you live, the annual tax which every citizen is obliged to pay for the common service is one and six-tenths *per cent.* of his income. If invested property produces an average income of five *per cent.*, the tax which a man thus pays for the public service is one-third of his income. Now when you are estimating the wealth in common, remember also how much is stored away in the sewers beneath your feet, in the water-works which supply your water, in the pavements of the streets, in the building of the wharves and docks, in the colleges, in the school-houses, in the prisons, the court-houses, city halls, and capitols. Remember how much property each State, as well as the nation at large, holds in land. Remember what the fee would be in the different highways which are devoted to the public service—as much to the service of the tramp on foot as to that of the millionaire in his carriage. Cast up these various sums, and you will understand me when I say that practically more than one half—indeed, I have heard men say over three-fourths—of the wealth of a community like this, is wealth held in common, for the good of each and all of us, the good of the beggar and the good of the prince. You and I, from mere shame, must consecrate our lives to doing our fair share in the management of this wealth in common. But, as I said, we do this not only by serving in the common council or in the board of aldermen, or in State Legislatures or in Congress. I should like to know if my friends here on the School-Board of this city, who administer so well their trust, more than princely in its magnificence,—I should like to know if they, women or men, are not in the public service? I should like to know if a man in my profession, who addresses every Sunday a congregation of people, whom he instructs, as well as he can, in the principles of morals and the necessities of the highest life,—I should like to know if he is not in the public service, unless he accepts a commission in the State Legislature? I should like to know if President Wayland, when, for a third of a century, he trained hundreds upon hundreds of young men who were to be the leaders of this community,—trained them in the enthusiasm of the highest life, and in the sternest integrity of honor,—I should like to know if he was not in the public service, because, as it happened, he was not a Senator from Rhode Island. I should like to know if these journalists who are sitting around me,—I should like to know if these gentlemen who are securing justice for us, on my right hand and on my left hand,—I should like to know if the physicians who are taking the charge of the sanitary service of a city like this, or of a country town,—I should like to know if they are not in the public service. Of course they are.

And the instruction of Alpha Delta Phi, gentlemen, in those solemn secrets which no lip can reveal outside her own company to any listening ear, and in those eternal principles of faith and hope and love which are open to all the world,—the instruction of Alpha Delta Phi to you is, that you enter that public service somewhere. You are to enter it the hour you leave the universities. It is for this that the university has prepared you; and whether in a mining-camp in Montana, or in keeping the district-school in the sixth precinct of Cranberry Centre, you ought to be able to find, before you have been twenty-four hours in your new home, the place where you can be of service to the commonwealth,—where you can do your part for the community to which you belong.

* I have been privately asked who were the persons to whom I alluded. There is no reason why I should not name them. One was the late Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Wheeler; one was the Honorable Carlton Sprague of Buffalo; one was the Honorable Andrew White of Ithaca. I have since been reminded that my friend Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has been a member of the New York Legislature, and if, at the moment of speaking, I had recollected that, I should have spoken as I did of four men where in fact I spoke of three.

Turning from this criticism of our public life, I am told that our American life, for an educated man, is all very uninteresting and commonplace. Commonplace, as I said just now, thank God, it is; for, as a consequence of certain events which occurred eighteen hundred and more years ago, the three eternal elements of life,—faith and hope and love,—are no secrets now, but are open for everybody's experiment, and everybody's instruction. Now, I find that the exhibitions which America makes of faith and hope and love, are curious, are interesting, are suggestive, and, permit me to say, are 'distinguished,' as the word has been used in the recent discussions of this matter. May I go into a little personal experience? When I was told, the other day, that there was nothing 'distinguished' in our cities, I asked myself what was the last city I had visited, away from my own home. As it happened, it was one of the smallest of American cities—it was the city of Burlington, in Vermont. I remember the moment when I arrived there, when the magnificent range of the Green Mountains, white with snow as it had been through the day, was tinged with the crimson of the setting sun; and, as I turned west to look upon the clouds of sunset, the sun himself was sinking behind the broken range of the Adirondack Mountains. Between was the white ice of the frozen lake; and so far as Nature has anything to offer to the eye, I had certainly never seen, in forty years of travel, any position chosen for a city, more likely to impress a traveller as remarkable, and to linger always in his memory. Those of you who have been in Burlington will know that I was in a city of palaces. I mean by that, that there are private homes there, which, while they have the comforts of a log cabin, display the elegances of a palace. But I shall be told that this is not distinguished now,—that this may be seen everywhere in a country as rich as America. Let it be so. Then they took me to visit a new hospital, arranged with everything which modern science knows for the treatment of disease, with a staff of surgeons and physicians who might stand unawed before the great leaders in their profession; and they told me that here any person in Vermont who was in need could be treated by the best science of the Nineteenth Century, and with the tenderest care that the Christian religion inspires. They told me that this institution was maintained by a fund of nearly half a million dollars, given by one lady, for this purpose of blessing her brothers and sisters of mankind. If this be a commonplace monument, let us thank God that we live in a commonplace land. They took me then to their public library. They showed me the Canadian emigrants from the other side of the border, thronging the passages that each might have his French book to read, the German emigrant pressing for his book,—they showed a perfect administration for the supply of these needs. And they showed me that they had not only provided for the rank and file in this way—providing, observe, thousands of books in German and thousands of books in French,—but they showed the 'last sweet thing' in the criticism of Dante, the last publications of the archæological societies of Italy—books and prints which had been issued—well, let us say it among ourselves, for as dainty people as you and I are,—for the elegant students of Browning or of mediæval times. They had taken as good care of us in our daintiness, as they had taken of the Canadian wood-chopper, or of the German mechanic. This seemed to me rather a distinguished bit of administration. And so I might go on to tell you about other arrangements for charities, of their forelook in regard to sanitary arrangements; and when I asked them on the particular matter which I was sent for to give counsel, how many people they had in their Blackwell's Island establishments, in their public institutions for the poor, I found there was a momentary question whether there were *three* of these people at that moment, or possibly *four*!

That is so distinguished a condition of affairs, that I should not dare tell that story in any Social Science Congress in Europe. It would be set down as a Yankee exaggeration. People would say it was impossible. It is not impossible, because the men and women of Burlington have known how to give themselves to the administration of the wealth in common. Among other things, I may say in passing, they have known how to suppress the open bar. I have no need to discuss the details. I only attempt, in one such incident, to show to you that, as a friend said to me to-day, while we travel in Europe to see external things, like statues and cathedrals and other physical monuments, we travel in America to see what man does for man, what is the training of the human being, and we find some interest in the advance which, from one generation to another, man makes in arresting sickness, in abolishing pauperism, and, in a word, in the improvement of mankind.

But I ought not to have been betrayed into these details. My only excuse is that such details illustrate what I mean, when I say to you young gentlemen that, on your right hand and on your left, you will find, if you want to find, the place where you can be at work for the common weal. After what has been said this evening, it would be absurd if I attempted, even in a word, to encourage you

to such duty. Indeed, it is not I, it is not these speakers, it is not dear Alpha Delta Phi only which sends you forward with such a commission. The country demands it of men who have had your advantages, and every voice of the history of these centuries, if you will read that history rightly. You receive your commission not only from the teachers to whom you listen to-day, but from all the martyrs and all the prophets since that country was born, who have been building up these institutions under which such life as yours is possible. That you may do this duty, these men have lived and died. It is for this that the compact was signed in the Mayflower. It is for this that these churches were founded in a wilderness. It is for this that Harvard and Yale and Princeton and the throng of colleges represented here to-day were chartered and endowed. It is for this that the fathers marched elbow to elbow, and died in battle if it were needed, in giving their lives for the common weal. It is for this that constitutions have been made, that States have been united into a nation, and that that nation has been preserved for a hundred years. Every voice of every one of the prophets and the martyrs, the soldiers and the statesmen who have united in these victories, is a voice which addresses you. And every such voice speaks with the injunction to you, that each one of you consecrate himself to the service of the commonwealth, that each one of you lives with God, for man, in the kingdom of a present heaven.

The exercises closed with the singing of the Fraternity song, 'Chaire, Alpha Delta Phi,' in Greek. The annual dinner took place on the following evening (Friday, May 4).

Reviews

Two New Books by Prof. Freeman.*

THE NEW SERIES—Twelve English Statesmen—now publishing by Macmillan & Co., is fitly introduced by the monograph entitled 'William the Conqueror' (1). No better praise can be bestowed upon this first volume than to say that it is from the pen of the historian who has made the Norman period so thoroughly his own that no one denies, or dares to dispute, his title to supremacy. This life of the first William is devoted to a *résumé* of the most pregnant events of that eventful period, the early life of Duke William; his first visit to England, when the inheritance of the Crown was doubtless promised him; his embassy to Harold, after Edward's death, demanding his alleged rights; his appeal to the Powers of Europe; his invasion and conquest and finally his settlement of England—all are portrayed briefly but with great vividness. But Prof. Freeman's great object in this volume is to display William to the world, not as a conqueror merely, but as a sovereign who has the strongest title to the name and glory of a statesman, and not only to the name of statesman, but to the name of the first in time of the great men who may justly be called the statesmen of England.

If it be statesmanship [says Mr. Freeman] to adapt means to ends, whatever the ends may be, if it be statesmanship to make men believe that the worse cause is the better, then no man ever showed higher statesmanship than William showed in his great pleading before all Western Christendom. It is a sign of the times that it was a pleading before all Western Christendom. Others had claimed crowns; none had taken such pains to convince all mankind that the claim was a good one. It was a great step towards the ideas of International Law and even European concert. It showed that the days of mere force were over, and that the days of subtle diplomacy had begun.

The broader lines of a policy which brought England into contact with the Norman Duchy and Western Europe, and above all the wisdom which was displayed in the difficult task of assimilating not only the English and the Norman people but the English and the Norman systems, are sketched with that boldness and vigor which belong to Mr. Freeman's style, and which arise largely from his consummate mastery of his subject.

The lectures delivered from his Chair by the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford are always eagerly welcomed by the lovers of historical literature as real additions to its treasures. The four lectures just published (2) were

delivered last autumn, and the first two were inspired by the Queen's Jubilee, being a retrospective view of European history since the accession of Victoria in 1837. They are not, as the author remarks in his preface, connected especially with any of the courses at Oxford, but are intended to present briefly and clearly the changes in European political geography, and in European political relations which have taken place during the last fifty years. They are not intended to deal with the social and industrial progress of the last two generations; nor with the so-called rise of the people to power. They have little to say of the establishment of constitutional forms of government, or of the curtailment of the power of kings. Referring of necessity to the arrangements of the Congress of Vienna, Mr. Freeman speaks briefly of the changes in territorial relations which make the map of Europe so different to-day from what it was in 1837; to the separation of the Netherlands into the Kingdoms of Holland and Belgium; to the subjection of Cracow—the last fragment of free Poland,—to the House of Hapsburg; the revolution of 1848; the rise of Hungary; the Crimean War; the conquest of Schleswig-Holstein; and especially to the birth of the new Italy and of the new Germany. It is needless to add that this *résumé* is full of useful suggestions.

But the last two lectures are of special importance, for they were written by Mr. Freeman both to explain and to defend his theory as to the extent of the destruction of pre-existing races and institutions by the English at the time of their conquest of Britain. It is well enough known that radical differences of opinion have long existed among scholars as to the survival, through the Teutonic invasions of Britain, of Celtic or Latin influences, and as regards the effect which these influences may have had upon the new inhabitants. Closely connected with this is the question as to the extermination of the Celts by the invaders. But though these differences of opinion have long existed, some addresses have been delivered during the last year (notably one by Prof. Sayce at Manchester), and a letter from Prof. Huxley has appeared in the London *Times*, which seem to challenge Prof. Freeman to the support of the philological argument against the later one from the new science of craniology. Mr. Freeman first defines his position, proving from his early utterances upon the subject of the Teutonic conquest, that he has never said that he believed in a total extermination of a conquered people.

Though the literal extirpation of a nation is an impossibility, there is every reason to believe that the Celtic inhabitants of those parts of Britain which had become English at the end of the Sixth Century had been as nearly extirpated as a nation can be. The women would doubtless be often spared; but, as far as the male sex is concerned, we may feel sure that death, emigration or personal slavery were the only alternatives which the vanquished found at the hands of our fathers.

Despite all arguments which 'may be drawn from skulls,' Mr. Freeman prefers to trust to the argument of language, and marshals his facts and his logic in such a convincing way that he may fairly be said to have established himself anew upon ground which he has always held, and in a citadel of strength from which few will attempt to drive him.

Mrs. Custer's "Tenting on the Plains."*

THE PLEASANT remembrance of 'Boots and Saddles' is the best advertisement and announcement that Mrs. Custer could have for her new book, 'Tenting on the Plains.' To dispose at once of our only objection to it, we think the publishers have made a serious mistake in issuing it in such a bulky volume. Not that the story is too long; but that it would have been more comfortable, more enticing, if it had been given in two volumes; especially as the first half deals with Custer in Texas and the second half with Custer in Kansas, with no necessary connection between the two. The book possesses the qualities to delight one in a leisure

* 1. *William the Conqueror*. 60c. (Twelve English Statesmen.) 2. *Four Oxford Lectures, 1887*. \$1.25. By Edward A. Freeman. New York: Macmillan & Co.

* *Tenting on the Plains*. By Elizabeth B. Custer. \$3.50. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

hour; you would like to take it with you to your armchair or your hammock; but its outward corporosity suggests as the only possible hour for devoting yourself to it, one when, with perfect health and strength, you feel able to sit bolt upright in a regulation chair, with the huge book resting on your library-table.

The great charm of the book is that, written by a woman, it is essentially feminine. It gives a graphic picture of the privations, the dangers, the hardships, of army life on the frontier, which no man would have dared to give lest he should seem unmanly and appear to be complaining, but which an ingenuous woman has had the unconscious art to portray without seeming in the least unwomanly or querulous. It is a simple story of actual life, made up of little but anecdote and the most direct statement of the plainest facts; but it is undeniably delightful. As a personal record, it is a valuable contribution to our rounded knowledge of Gen. Custer's life. An outsider naturally thinks of him as a dashing soldier, brave even to recklessness; and it is but justice to the man that the world should see this new phase of his character, in the buoyant courage, inexhaustible patience, and constant cheerfulness, with which he endured privations and went without opportunities for indulging in daring recklessness, when it came to dull inactivity or dangerous risk without much chance of glory. If it be objected that this is the record of a devoted wife who would naturally see a man at his best, it may be suggested that a wife has opportunities for seeing a man at his worst which make the very fact of her being devoted and enthusiastic a guarantee of her good judgment as well as her love. The story is a healthful one for all of us; but chiefly so as an illustration of the kind of courage that bears privation easily because it will not acknowledge that there is privation. We cannot quote a better passage for illustrating the spirit of the record than the following: 'It was a great relief to get out of the wilderness, but though our hardships were great, I do not want them to appear to outnumber the pleasures. The absence of creature comforts is easily itemized. We are either too warm or too cold, we sleep uncomfortably, we have poor food, we are wet by storms, we are made ill by exposure. Happiness cannot be itemized so readily; it is hard to define what goes to round and complete a perfect day. We remember hours of pleasure as bathed in a mist that blends all colors into a roseate hue; but it is impossible to take one tint from colors so perfectly mingled, and define how it adds to the perfect whole.' The book is a combination of thrilling, humorous, and pathetic incidents, giving incidentally a very attractive picture of a happy marriage.

Ballads of the Seventeenth Century.*

THE GENUINE, indiscriminating ballad-lover—he who has a mania for anything in the shape of a ballad, though it be but a sing-song 'of a fish that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water,'—has a rare treat before him in the eighty ballads of the Seventeenth Century, collected and edited by the author of 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.' The quaintest of illustrations in fac-simile of the originals increase the value of the work for the student, and the handsome volume instantly commends itself to the bibliophile. The most interesting division of the book is, on the whole, the group of 'Social Ballads.' Here we have the old man's lamenting rehearsal of the brave days 'when his old Cap was new; the days before gentlemen kept their coaches, before the introduction of French fashions and 'fond Fangles,'—when there were no Puritans, and England 'in fight did Forraine Foes subdue.' Here is that sweet, hearty old wedding song, 'The Bride's Good-morrow,' followed by the circumstantial account of an Easter wedding where

Many young Damsels attir'd all in their Sarsenet white,
holding it their duty 'to be both Gallant and Gay,' appeared

in floral beauty. Here is a conference on ways and means between 'the Careful Wife, and the Comfortable Husband,' good easy man! and here are praises of a country life,—in which, as pictured by the imagination of the balladist,

Strawberries and Violets lie
all round about our feet,—

with the most delightfully absurd pastoral cuts; a shepherd whose garland has apparently been starched, accompanied by an excited-looking animal of dubious species; and a merry milk-maid milking a huge wooden cow of amiably imbecile countenance, evidently escaped from some Brobdingnagian Noah's-ark. It is in the 'Supernatural Ballads' that the critical reader is most repelled by that 'gross and flat style of the English balladist' of which Mr. Andrew Lang has complained. Viewed purely as poetry, the nine examples given are quite without worth; they do not afford a single touch of that weird power which so strikes us in 'Clerk Saunders' or 'The Wife of Usher's Well.' Some of the 'Love Ballads' exhibit the same cheapness, though the presence of the charming 'Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' atones for all deficiencies. No one but the catholic ballad-lover before-mentioned can be expected to feel a lively sympathy with the 'fair Virgin' who fled to the house of her deceased suitor

with expedition
as if by Cupid's Wings convey'd,
Asking at door, in a sobbing condition,
which was the Room where his Corps was lay'd.

The 'Drinking Ballads,' with their illustrations of jovial gallants enjoying the long pipe of the period, or hob-nobbing in an ordinary, are valuable as picturing the time; and the same is true of the 'Sea Ballads'—which contain some exceedingly curious representations of billows,—and of the 'Historical,' 'Naval and Military,' and 'Sporting Ballads.' There seems no reason why the utterly hideous 'Cruel Murther' of Abraham Gearsy, or the ugly 'Spanish Virgin' familiar through Percy's 'Reliques,' should have been included among the 'Local and Miscellaneous' selections. The editor as a rule, though not invariably, has avoided what might offend 'the fastidious taste of the present era.'

Balzac's "Modeste Mignon."*

THE AMOUNT of intellectual energy which a genius of the first rank like Balzac can expend on a single novel may not be measurable in kilograms or avoidupois; but one cannot but be struck with its magnitude in observing its successive manifestations through the medium of Miss Wormeley's excellent translations. Here is something like a huge Corliss engine at work, spinning out the life-plot of a provincial family and throwing into the work a power and eloquence, an invention, an imagination, that surmounts the utmost difficulties, and produces a masterpiece of art and beauty as easily as a great steamer rides an ocean wave. Balzac's novels may not be so historically instructive as Sir Walter Scott's, but as interpretations—illuminations, one might call them—of French social life from the Revolution to the Second Empire, they are priceless; and the talent they expend is hardly less than that expended by the Wizard of the North in his long series of romances from the earliest to the latest epoch. Balzac, to be sure, confines himself generally to the single period indicated; but by massing and concentrating his forces, he produces an effect even greater than Sir Walter's; his work affects one as a mighty contemporary social epic, that is all-embracing in scope, that gathers in city and province, military and middle-class life, scenes from the home-circle no less than the whole of the brilliant French society of the first Republic, the Empire, the Restoration and the Revolution of July. From this point of view its value, apart from its exquisite dramatic charm and high purpose, will be inestimable when the future historian of manners comes to depict these times. 'Modeste Mignon' is no exception to the rule in thrilling interest and literary importance. Balzac has often been more passionate, more

* A Century of Ballads. Collected, Edited, and Illustrated in Fac-simile of the Originals. By John Ashton. \$7.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Modeste Mignon. By Honoré de Balzac. \$1.50. Boston: Roberts Bros.

pathetic, more high-wrought than he is here; but he has never painted a more charming provincial picture, one more Watteau-like or many-colored, or one that better combines singularity with charm. Modeste commits the horrible imprudence of corresponding with an unknown lover, who turns out to be two! To be properly enjoyed, the complications, discoveries, tears and triumphs thence ensuing—not to speak of the violations of French convention—must be traced out by the reader himself, rather than meagrely outlined here.

Recent Books of Verse.

MODELLED upon the poetry of Burns, yet no mere studied imitations, are the winsome and wholesome 'Ingleside Rhaims' of J. E. Rankin (John B. Alden). These 'rhaims' are of happy love and simple piety, of the dear joys of home and the charming ways of children; and all who delight in the pithy, arch, and tender Lowland speech, will give them hearty welcome. They are truthful pictures with the light of the hearth upon them; faces of gentle 'gude-wife' and roguish toddling 'knee-bairn,' playful 'daddie,' and 'auld-man in the corner.' 'The Lord's Day E'en at the Manse,' while its treatment was evidently suggested by 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' is as evidently a genuine reminiscence. In his satirical attempt, 'Fair Andover, Ane Halie Schule,' the author is less successful. The narrative pieces, 'The Auld Scotch Mither,' 'The Lost Guidman' and 'Oor Kirk Fair,' in spite of the dialect, remind one of Crabbe. Not less than four poems celebrate 'The Ayrshire Pleuchman,' of whom, though touching fitly but one of his characteristic notes, this Scottish-American rhymist is no unworthy pupil.—The Scotch poems included in 'My Ain Countrie,' by Mary Lee Demarest (A. D. F. Randolph & Co.), are most of them on religious themes, and sweetly mingle pathos and exaltation. They are far superior to the verses not in dialect. Among the latter, however, are exceptions such as 'The Burnt Path' and 'The Blossom Storm,' in each of which a devout thought is pleasingly developed.

Mr. Wm. N. Loew has revised and greatly enlarged his volume of translations from Petöfi and other Hungarian poets, issued six years ago, and now presents it under the title 'Magyar Songs,' (Samisch & Goldmann.) Gratitude is due to one who has thus opened for us a casket of jewels, and it seems thankless to criticise the manner in which the stones are set. A keener sensitiveness to the refinements, the delicate shadings of the English language and English verse, and the inborn, unteachable instinct of musical movement, might together have enabled the translator to convey to us more perfectly the charm of the originals. But are not even the best translations of poetry dull ashes of flowers, from which the alchemy of the reader's imagination must re-create them, though no process can, indeed, fully restore the former fragrance? He who brings sympathy to the reading of these songs, will easily conceive, from the suggestions furnished by Mr. Loew's conscientious efforts, their color and fire in their first form, though something of the perfume will inevitably escape him. In 240 pages the range is wide; we have love-songs, sentimental or sensuous, yet pure; songs of the memories of childhood, and cries of piercing regret; spirited songs of battle for the fatherland; ballads and romances, often ironic or wildly sad; here and there a strong, stern bit of realism, like 'Death,' by Zichy Géza, stands like a grim fragment of rock amid the flow of sentiment. Yet there is in all these a simplicity which makes them appear like the expression of the varying moods of a single nature.

The little birds in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's 'Bird-Talk' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are exceedingly wise feathered folk, some of them distinctly inclined to a gentle didacticism. The individual spirit of each strain has been happily caught; the jeering of the jay, the nasal swearing of the catbird,

Ye—a—ow!
I sw—ow!

the 'small, soft chitter' of the Savanna sparrow, the peaceful rapture of the hermit thrush, and the sobbing of the screech-owl in the old barn gable. The descriptions are fresh and beautiful; that, for instance, of the spicy-chambered, pyramidal evergreen which shelters the cheerful chickadees; that of the lilac-tree with its

Mystical depths of quiet shade;
Fairly splendors of emerald sheen;

and that of the hollow, glittering with green, twinkling birches,

Whose bright-massed tops in the sunshine make
Sparkle and glimmer as of a lake.

This 'Calendar of the Orchard and Wildwood' is prettily illustrated, and is altogether a charming book.

A singular little pamphlet comes with the title of 'Low Down,' purporting to be the verses of 'Two Tramps' (London: George Redway). It is realistically issued, as if on scraps of paper picked up anywhere, of various hues and sizes, fastened together, apparently in elaborate carelessness, with a bit of old string. The verses are not great poetry, but they strike a chord, and the chord vibrates. That is enough to justify their existence. They make themselves felt as an unconscious appeal, where appeal is needed, and are well worth looking over. Occasionally one comes upon a telling phrase or line that lingers:

That man has rare thoughts in his coffee-urn,
And you paid for me some; they will last me a bit,
And stave off for a while the tigerish fit.

There is suggestiveness enough in that alone to make the little book worth knowing.

Minor Notices.

TO THOSE already acquainted with Mr. Bardeen's excellent little manual of 'Common School Law' (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), it is sufficient to say that a fourteenth edition, entirely rewritten, and embodying the most recent legislation on school matters, has just appeared; while for the information of others, it may be added that the volume is a convenient compendium of the provisions of common and statute law on the relations of the teacher to pupil, parent and district. Few relations have more to do with the well-being of society, and it is highly important that the rights and obligations of each of these parties should be thoroughly understood. Mr. Bardeen takes up in a systematic way the various questions likely to arise concerning the teacher's qualifications, contract, and authority, and shows, by many illustrative incidents, and by five hundred references to legal decisions in twenty-eight States, just what should be done, and what should not be done in every case. The volume is a model of compactness, and the amount of information that the ingenious editor has contrived to put into its hundred pages is astonishing. No teacher can afford to be without it.

AMERICANS of a past generation knew and heard more of Zanzibar, perhaps, than we of to-day. When our ships of war made regular calls at the Sultan's ports, and our treaties with this eastern ruler were expected to enlarge our trade, a book about the country and people was at least an occasional event. In the volume before us, our memories are refreshed, for here is an 'Arabian princess' writing about her home. 'Emily Ruete, *née* Princess of Omar and Zanzibar,' married a German gentleman, and thus added a European education and experience to the experiences gained in her African home. She wrote out her story, 'Memoirs of an Arabian Princess,' some years ago, and after a visit to Zanzibar with her children, added the concluding chapter. The work has been translated from the German, and contains a fair wood-cut portrait of this lady of two continents. Her narrative is highly interesting, and is based on the comparative method, things in the southern Orient being contrasted with things German and European. The serving of meals, household training, toilet and fashions, woman's position, courtship and marriage, festivals, disease, medical treatment, funerals, and the palace politics of this African kingdom, are among the matters treated of in this very interesting book. Like all countries in this age of overturnings, Zanzibar is feeling the effects of contact with Christendom, and her people are slowly coming under the influence of the modern spirit. The style of the author is simple, unassuming, and clear as crystal. (Appleton & Co.)

M. RENAN's 'History of the People of Israel' has already been reviewed in these pages (THE CRITIC, March 3), but we must welcome it now in its English dress. (Roberts Bros.) A translation is always a new test of a book, and on the other hand M. Renan's book is a test of translation, on account of its glamour of style. This, of course, we must forego to a great extent, but on the whole the book reads easily and well, and the rendering is faithful and correct. In view of the general excellence of the translation, we are surprised at some verbal inaccuracies and inelegances—among others, 'an *outlandish* corner of Syria,' and a 'waterless' country, and such phrases as 'To see the past as it really was, is the first delight of man, and the noblest—I may add the most useful—of his *curiosities*;' 'Had they continued their route due east, they would have found nothing but *vacuity* and death;' and again describing a man wrestling with Iahveh, 'One perspired and exhausted oneself against an unknown force.' The 'History of the People of Israel' will find as large a circle among English as among French readers, for M. Renan possesses the rare merit and felicity of being a popular writer as well as an authority among scholars.—MR. CHARLES E. L. WINGATE, of the Boston *Journal*, has made a 'Play-Goer's Year-Book' for 1887-88, which ought to prove valuable as well as interesting to all who are in the way

of reading such data as may be found within its pages. Mr. Wingate has paid special attention to Boston amusements, but as everything that is worth seeing goes to Boston, the dramatic field is well covered. The book is illustrated and contains full casts of the plays produced in Boston. It will, the Stage Publishing Co. informs us, be continued from year to year.

ROBERTS BROS. will doubtless earn the gratitude of devout Catholics by their beautifully printed edition of 'The Little Flowers of Saint Francis of Assisi,' translated from the Italian, with a brief memoir, by Abbe Langdon Alger. These 'little flowers' are a series of poetic legends collected some two hundred years after St. Francis's death, having passed from mouth to mouth until that time. Strung together in this way they form a legendary biography of the great saint, not devoid of simplicity, quaintness and grace. The little book has never been presented in English dress, and in her edition the translator has striven to preserve some of the *naïveté* and antique flavor of the original. For those who are fond of 'chaplets' and 'rosaries' of devout thoughts and reflections aptly strung together (twined, in this instance, about one of the most picturesque and commanding figures of the Middle Ages), this book will be a boon, and will be found to contain things which not even Mrs. Oliphant has touched on in her biography.

GEORGE EBERS, the Egyptologist, has pursued George Sand's example in her 'Mare au Diable,' and written a charming idyll to a picture of Alma-Tadema's called 'A Question' ('Eine Frage': Henry Holt & Co.). This pretty idyll-picture in words, Mr. F. Starr works up with notes and introduction for students of German—we cannot say very successfully. The 'notes' appear to be entirely hap-hazard and whimsical. Things are explained which need no explanation; others are left unexplained which need all possible light thrown on them. Thus, on page 3, we—the young student—are informed without ceremony that *G. baumen* is 'connected with Gr. *φυλ*, Lat. *fa-ri*,' a little further on we are told to 'note the different uses of *ver*—yet what these 'different uses' are is not indicated. Annotation of this sort simply increases the bulk and price of a book without corresponding advantage.—'L'AMI FRITZ,' just out, forms No. 18 of Mr. Wm. R. Jenkins's 'Théâtre Contemporain' (25 cents each). It is a comedy in three acts, by Erckmann-Chatrian, 'adapted' to the use of American schools and colleges, with English notes, by A. Hennequin, Ph.D., of the University of Michigan. Here, too, the 'annotations' are often entirely trivial, 'mon Dieu' being explained in three different ways in 2½ pages, misprints being numerous (seven in the first 3½ pages of notes), letters turned, and many notes in questionable English. 'This will never do.'

COL. T. W. KNOX'S 'Pocket Guide to Europe' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is out in a new edition, just in time for the tourists now crowding the decks of our ocean-going steamers. While not much larger than a real pocket-book, it contains a vast amount and variety of useful information, a number of skeleton-tours and suggestive outlines of travel, and money-tables and hints for ocean-travel and custom-house without stint. The table in four languages printed at the back of the book may be useful, but it is often inaccurate and contains no hint of pronunciation. How, pray, can the 'much-muddled' American, in a hurry for his linen or his hotel-bill, ever manage to stammer out German consonants or Italian vowels—to say nothing of Gaulish diphthongs,—without an inkling even as to their true phonetic value? This little book, however, in spite of drawbacks of the kind mentioned, will be very helpful, especially if used as an introduction to the larger travel-volumes. Col. Knox is a ripe traveler, and knows just what ought to be seen.

A BOOK of 'Irish Wonders,' or popular tales as they are told by the people, has been compiled by D. K. McAnally, Jr., and cleverly illustrated by H. R. Heaton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.) It deals with ghosts, giants, pookas, demons, Leprechauns, banshees, fairies, witches, widows, old maids, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle, and is very entertaining. Half of the charm of these piquantly original efforts of the Irish imagination is lost when one cannot have the tale from a native narrator, whose voice and gestures add inimitably to the amusement; but the half that is left, when one reads the story in print, is still more entertaining than a good deal of literary humor; and something of the evanescent, impalpable essence of personal narration may be restored if the book be read aloud.—G. W. DILLINGHAM issues a new edition of 'Pole on Whist.' It is from the latest London edition, with the Portland Club Code. The well-known theory of Pole's system is the combination in play of the two partners' hands, and in this tenth edition, particular attention is given to the play requiring deviation from strict rules when playing with a bad partner.

IN HIS 'Sidney Lanier' (a pamphlet reprinted from *The Presbyterian Review* for October, 1887), President Merrill E. Gates of Rutgers, writes in an affectionate yet critical spirit of the Southern poet whom, in his closing line, he calls 'the richest contributor to our national fame in letters yet made by our brethren of the South.' While people who remember Poe cannot literally agree to this, yet all who have read and admired Lanier will delightedly accord him a high niche in the House of Fame wherein Dan Chaucer saw so many marvelous things, and where those 'twice-eyed' folk—the poets—so richly and happily abound. Lanier's great fault was his lack of spontaneity, which was ever held in check by superabundant metrical learning: a silver-rimmed Pegasus in golden bit and snaffle, too often thrown on his haunches in mid-career by verse-theories, ambitious to produce intentional effects, hampering reminiscences of the *gradus*. The very soul of poetry is Lamartine's line:

Aimer, prier, chanter,—voilà toute ma vie!

Let theory go to the winds, and all that it connotes. 'I sing as the birdie sings,' cried Goethe's minstrel; and whoever sings in a less spontaneous or uninspired way will produce just such song as Lanier's—beautiful, high-wrought, full of cunning color and changing light, ethical, pathetic even, yet icily lovely; glimmering with the beauty of hoar-rime, yet sometimes chilling in its very splendor.

THE HON. GEO. S. BOUTWELL, so long and so well known in political life, has put together his reminiscences of Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Abraham Lincoln, and Ulysses Grant, in a duodecimo of two hundred and thirty-two pages, entitled 'The Lawyer, The Statesman, and The Soldier.' (D. Appleton & Co.) Taking as his cardinal principal that a man is valued by the measure of his strength at the place where he is strongest, Mr. Boutwell has aimed to picture this quartet of men in their times of victory and energy. His work is critical only in this sense, that he challenges and dissects whatever is said in depreciation of his heroes. He gives a vivid picture of the great Massachusetts lawyer, with quotation and anecdote; and this, the first of the sketches, is the most natural and readable of the four. That on Mr. Webster adds little to our knowledge, and in style is stiff and labored. The eulogies on Lincoln and Grant are like heavy orations, and gain their chief value from the author's intimate knowledge of the men. A fifth paper, unnoted in the table-of-contents, is a piece of padding reprinted from *The North American Review*. The author's English is far from elegant, and not very near to correctness. Nevertheless, the book has value as coming from an eye-witness of the men and times described.—THE TRUE and the False Theory of Evolution is a little book by the Rev. Chauncey Giles, printed in Philadelphia by Wm. H. Alden. The false theory of evolution is that of the so-called 'scientists' who depend entirely upon phenomena, and do not need the hypothesis of a God to account for the present condition of life and matter. The correct theory of evolution, according to the author, is contained in the doctrines of the New Church, or Swedenborgianism. Mr. Giles's theory is the ordinary Christian idea of divine creation, but cleared of some of the hard notions consequent on laying too much stress upon the transcendence of deity in the world. He dwells more upon the immanence of deity in the world, and adds much of the peculiar mysticism of the followers of Swedenborg.

The Magazines.

IN *Macmillan's* for May W. E. Norris's serial, 'Chris,' is conventionally and comfortably concluded. Mr. James, with his crude Americans in 'The Reverberator'—neatly contrasted with a family of 'adoptive Parisians' from Carolina,—affords a cool amusement. Mr. Saintsbury's paper on Sydney Smith is as pleasant as might be predicted. 'I have known his claim to the title of "humorist,"' says the essayist, 'called in question by precisians: nobody could deny him the title of good-humorist.' There is an article on 'Gentlemen Emigrants'; and a touching story which pictures life 'In the Dales Sixty Years Since,' by Lady Verney. Stephen Wheeler writes of 'The Afghan Boundary,' and the Rev. J. Fraser of 'Puritanism,' viewing it as a certain type of mind believing 'in law rather than in life, in finality rather than in development.' This type, by its very nature tending to separatism, appears in the early history of the Church 'as a revolt against Catholicism. And when I speak of Catholicism I do not mean Catholicism in any narrow and technical sense, but rather what I would simply call *wholeness*, or that spirit of Christian comprehensiveness which recognizes and earnestly desires to foster the infinite variety of Christian life.' This use of terms, if accepted as allowable, leads to the just though superficially strange deduction that 'Cromwell was no Puritan in the true sense of the word, but was possessed by the large and mild spirit of true Catholicism. . . . And Milton was as little a Puritan in the proper sense of the word as Cromwell.'

American Notes and Queries, a weekly publication designed as 'a medium of intercommunication for literary men and general readers,' begins its career with an interesting number. The editors define its purpose and scope in a brief introductory article. It is not merely an imitation of the English *Notes and Queries*; 'an important innovation in the American periodical will be the prompt answer, so far as possible, of queries by the editors or trained specialists.' It is announced that five prizes, amounting to one thousand dollars, will be awarded to the subscribers answering most satisfactorily a series of two hundred and fifty questions, to appear weekly in decades. The competition is to close on Nov. 15, and the award to be made on Dec. 1. 'The object of these questions is not to puzzle the competitor, but to enable him to turn out good work,' in accordance with this intention, such clues are furnished as seem necessary to put the seeker on the right track. Notes for the first week deal with the proverbial 'nine tailors' that 'make a man,' the Breton folk-song from which Thackeray's 'Little Billee' is imitated, the origin of the line 'Though lost to sight, to memory dear,' the origin of the *claque* as a permanent institution, and the antiquity of the saying, 'I don't boil my cabbage twice,' which, it seems, existed in a Greek form. Sixteen queries are answered at length. The office of this useful addition to periodical literature is at 619 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

Eventide on the Battery

HERE, where the granite holds the Bay at bay,
And sets a bound to that more troubled tide,
Out-surfing from the haunts where men abide,
I watch the quiet closing of the day.
The great outstretching level, lone and gray,
Blends with the sky. Across the waters, wide,
The shadowed ships like lonely phantoms glide;
And one white sail gleams in the slanting ray.
The great bronze goddess, stately and alone,
Lifts her unlighted torch. On his far way,
Wrapped in the glory which belongs to him,
The sun goes down. Beyond the islands dim,
The lonely ocean makes eternal moan—
But my sad soul is lonelier than they.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

NEW YORK, Sunday, May 13, 1888.

International Copyright

WHEN we announced our intention, last winter, of devoting special attention thereafter to the cause of International Copyright, we said that the movement in favor of a reform of the copyright law 'was never stronger than it is to-day; never was there less danger of its "losing the name of action."' That was on December 10; and it was on the 10th of May—just five months to a day—that the morning papers announced the passage by the Senate of Mr. Chace's carefully prepared bill, granting copyright to foreign works printed from type set in the United States and published here simultaneously with their appearance abroad. The heavy majority in favor of this measure (the vote, as we stated last week, being thirty-five to ten) encourages the hope that it will pass the House of Representatives without strong opposition; for it is not one of those bills that are sometimes passed by one branch of Congress, in order to impose upon the other the onus of killing them. It is in no sense a party measure: it was introduced in the Senate by a Republican, and in the House by a Democrat. The surplus-and-tariff question has nothing to do with it: Senator Chace is a Protectionist, and Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge is a Free-Trader. The bill stands, therefore, and should be permitted to stand, on its merits as an act of honesty and justice; and these merits are so great, that we have very little doubt that when it comes to a vote in the lower branch of Congress, it will pass by as large a majority, proportionately, as that by which it passed the branch in which it originated. Whatever legitimate pressure can be brought to bear on uninterested or hostile Representatives, should be exerted at once. The sooner the bill is put to vote, the better.

THE *Times* of May 10 spoke thus sensibly of the bill, and of its prospects in the House:

It is now certain that the bill will pass the House if it can be reached, and whether that can be done remains to be seen. We are confident that it can be prevented only by unjustifiable tactics. We long ago pointed out what we considered the defects of the bill, and have not concealed our opinion that they are serious. But the bill has this supreme merit, that it makes a conditional recognition of the rights of literary property, and provides a certain degree of protection for such property for foreign authors, which will also be accorded to our own. It has the hearty support of all interests directly affected by it, and this fact has been so clearly made known to the Senate that the bill has received an extraordinary support in that body. It should receive no less in the House.

IN REPLY to the pretence that books will be made costly by international Copyright, *Appleton's Literary Bulletin* submits this 'expert' opinion:

A grave question with American readers is the effect that International Copyright would have on the prices of American books. Would it make books dearer; and, if so, to what extent? Many attempts have been made to alarm the public mind on this question, and some of them have been disingenuous if not distinctly dishonest. In the first place, no concessions made to foreign authors would or could affect the price of school-books or text-books. Cyclopædias and other books of reference would probably experience no change; and all the great authors of the past, the whole noble host of poets, historians, essayists, and novelists, that give such brilliant lustre to the English name, would be as accessible in cheap editions then as now. The books thus exempted may be fully summarized as follows:

- School-books and text-books;
- Standard authors—the entire literature of the past;
- American fiction, and popular literature generally;
- American histories, travels, science, books of investigation and learning;
- American cyclopædias, dictionaries, books of reference, manuals for mechanics, etc.;
- Foreign books of science and learning;
- Magazines, reviews, periodicals of all kinds.

This list includes almost everything that enters into education, or that concerns the student or scholar. Increase of price, should there prove to be an increase of price, would fall solely on new books of a popular character—almost exclusively, in fact, upon reprints of English fiction.

"The Lady, or the Tiger?"

AS WE HAVE already recorded, 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' was brought out at Wallack's last week by Col. McCaull's company of singers and actors, whose fourth summer season at that theatre opened most promisingly. Mr. Sydney Rosenfeld has taken Mr. Stockton's short but famous story, and made a three-act operetta out of it. Never did a playwright have less material provided for him. Mr. Stockton gave us—or perhaps it would be better to say, sketched for us—three characters: a king, a lady, and a lover. Mr. Rosenfeld has 'evolved' a dozen more, and made a most amusing and ingenious libretto. There is very little suggestion of Mr. Stockton's delicate and peculiar humor in what the librettist has written, but the latter has probably hit the taste of a comic-opera audience in a way the story-teller could never hope to do. Fancy, for example, Mr. Stockton's king stamping around the stage, tugging away at his necktie, and gasping 'Give me air! give me air!' or executing a break-down, or singing a topical song. To compare the story and the libretto would be a waste of time. The name and the main idea are Mr. Stockton's, and that is all; Mr. Rosenfeld may fairly claim the rest. The ending of the operetta is not as delicate and artistic as the ending of the story, but this was to be expected; the conclusion that made so great a hit in the tale would be lame and impotent on the stage. In writing for an audience you must work up to a climax; nothing can be left undetermined; and Mr. Rosenfeld has had experience enough in play-writing to know this. He makes a mistake, however, in calling such a bit of broad farce 'an original musical comedy-drama.' It is not, strictly speaking, 'original,' and it is not a 'comedy-drama,' to so classify it is altogether too ambitious. Messrs. Lyons and Nowak can lay claim to little originality in their music. It is a sort of crazy-quilt score, made up of bits of more pretentious compositions. There are few operas or popular songs that have not furnished their mite of musical color to this operetta; and yet no one would call the composers plagiarists, any more than he would call the old ladies who make crazy-quilts.

plagiarists. It is the general effect that they are after, and it is the general effect in which the public is interested. The music of 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' is bright and often pretty; a little too ambitious at times, and again perhaps not quite ambitious enough; but it is admirably adapted to its purpose, which is simply to entertain.

Col. McCaull's company has never been seen to better advantage than in this new operetta. Mr. De Wolfe Hopper has a part exactly suited to him, except that he does not have many opportunities to show what a fine voice he has. The member of this company who is most of a singer, and who has the most serious singing to do, is Mr. Eugene Oudin, and he sings delightfully. Mme. Cottrelle and Madeline Lucette are as vivacious and as winsome as ever. Miss Marco, on the other hand, has little voice and less vivacity. 'The Lady, or the Tiger?' is a most amusing piece, and is evidently in for one of those long runs so dear to the hearts of all managers.

History "as She is Wrote."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The paper on the 'Hohenzollern Kaiser,' which holds the place of honor in the April *North American Review*, bristles with so many errors, compend though it be of things presumably well-known to every one, that it seems the part of common humanity to expose one or two of them. The first page contains the following sentence, remarkable for everything save accuracy and lucidity: 'William von Hohenzollern, King of Prussia, and first Emperor of Germany, by divine right communicated through the people, has passed.' Without wishing to be in the least disrespectful to the memory of the great and good Emperor, we would enquire of Mr. Kasson whether the last word is used in the sense in which he is in the habit of using it in his evening diversions, or simply in the provincial sense which Mr. Kasson is perhaps accustomed to in his Western home. But let the English go. It is not every man who knows even his own mother-tongue. What does Mr. Kasson mean by 'divine right communicated through the people?' The phrase is logically absurd; even if it were not so, does not Mr. Kasson know that William placed the crown of Prussia upon his own head, as a complete protest against any derivation from the people of the right to wear it? This is a well-known historical fact, of which it can hardly be supposed a former Minister at the Court of Berlin is ignorant.

'The crown of Charlemagne, withdrawn from the Hapsburgs and for sixty years suspended, now rested on the head of a Hohenzollern in the royal hall of Versailles.' We pass by the English which condemns the word 'suspended' to a use which even legal license could hardly justify, and ask Mr. Kasson if he has never heard of the Holy Roman Empire, and that that venerable survival of Rome was shattered by Napoleon beyond any hope of reconstruction. When one writes historical articles, one should remember that accuracy is more valuable than rhetoric; and that in this case there is no connection, historical or otherwise, between the Holy Roman Empire, when sovereigns wore the diadem of Augustus and of Charles the Great, and the new Empire of Germany, of which William, as Mr. Kasson remarks rightly, was the first Emperor. The last Hapsburg who sat in that exalted place was, truly, Augustus: to that title the Emperor William had no claim whatever.

IOWA CITY, May 5, 1888.

A WESTERN READER.

The Lounger

MR. CHARLES HENRY WEBB, well-known to lovers of humorous literature as 'John Paul,' had the mixed pleasure lately of hearing that he was in Sing Sing. He investigated the rumor, and found it to be false. The discovery was so gratifying that he couldn't keep it to himself, but took the readers of the *Herald* into two columns of his confidence, telling them incidentally of other rumors, equally damaging to his reputation, that got afloat just fifteen years ago. What started the first one was a wife's advertisement for her lost husband, Charles H. Webb, a newspaper writer, formerly of San Francisco. Mr. Webb obtained a description of the missing man, and finding that it did not fit himself, got *The Evening Post* to explain that there must have been two journalistic Webbs in San Francisco at the time Bret Harte and Mark Twain were winning their literary spurs there.

A YEAR or two later, the name of Charles H. Webb appeared at the head of a fashion paper, called *The Metropolitan*, published by E. Butterick & Co. The editor of the new paper wrote to 'John Paul' to say he was sorry to bear his name (Mr. Webb thought he was 'bearing' it in a sense not intended by his correspondent), but really he couldn't help it. This sort of thing was getting tiresome; and as Mr. Webb couldn't change his name by marriage (he was

married already, as it happened), he concluded to go abroad. When he returned, it was only to be confounded with a dry-goods merchant, a partner in the house of Dunham, Bulkley & Co., who belonged to the same club as 'John Paul,' but was as dark in complexion as the humorist was light, and had Hathaway for a middle name. By always signing their names in full, these two gentlemen managed thereafter to tell each other apart.

IN JANUARY, 1885, a Charles H. Webb of New York was sentenced to the penitentiary for a year. But it would have taken more than the mere newspaper announcement that 'John Paul' had been sent to prison, to take the sweetness out of the Indian River oranges Mr. Webb was eating on a Florida front porch just then. A year later, he read that the said J. P.—'the brilliant John Paul of other days,'—having been released from jail, was at his old tricks again. 'This thing, like having teeth pulled, now became monotonous,' he writes. The other Webb (whom the best known of the name naturally regards as something of a spider) was at his old tricks again, and before long got entangled in the meshes of the law a second time, and is now acting as clerk in the Chaplain's office in the State Prison. To the gentleman whose name he forged, so Mr. Webb tells me, the convict claimed to have written for *THE CRITIC*, among other papers. I feel no hesitation in questioning this claim. Mr. Webb himself, I am sure, is the only writer of that name who has contributed to this journal.

MRS. BURNETT is to be congratulated on having won a notable victory in the English courts in her suit to prevent the playing of Mr. Seebohm's dramatization of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' A decision in her favor was rendered by Justice Sterling on Thursday of last week, and immediately afterwards, says the cable, the publishers of the book applied to the Lord Chamberlain to deliver up the copy of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' in his possession in accordance with the Judge's directions, and have the passages containing the infringement—that is, practically the entire play—expunged, and at the same time revoke the license of the play. 'There being no precedent for allowing a piece to continue to be performed unless the Lord Chamberlain retains a copy, Mr. Pigott, who acts as chief adviser of the Lord Chamberlain, advised that the demand be complied with.' The Lord Chamberlain is not bound to do so in consequence, but he seldom does anything except at the suggestion of his subordinates, who practically perform the duties of the office. Even if 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' continues to be performed, unauthorized adaptations will probably henceforth be things of the past. Mrs. Burnett has put on the stage an authorized version of her book, and its superiority to the stolen one is generally admitted. Mrs. Kendall has attended to its production.

IN THE MAY number of *The Writer*, Mr. James Parton discusses the subject of journalism as a profession for young men. What he says is not very encouraging to young men with journalistic ambitions, yet I doubt if they will be deterred from entering the field by his opinion. Youth is hopeful as well as enthusiastic, and each young man will believe that his ability or opportunities are exceptional. 'The prizes are few, but why should I not be the one to win them?' argues youth. Mr. Parton, however, does not discourage the youthful aspirant on the ground that the profession is unremunerative for the amount of work put into it, but because 'In the press, as we find it now in New York, and the other large cities of the United States, the publisher is everything; the writer is nothing. The most gifted and the most enlightened journalist must of necessity write to order, and, in very many instances, the man who gives the order is the person whom an enlightened and patriotic spirit would least willingly obey.'

IN SUPPORT of his theories Mr. Parton quotes from *The Journalist*, of this city, which is authority for the statement that in the United States 'the two important departments of dramatic and literary criticism have become almost wholly mercenary and insincere.'

In nine cases out of ten [says *The Journalist*], the critical notices are carefully measured to accord with the size of the advertisement handed in at the business office. If a publisher advertises, his books receive notice; twenty lines secure a good review, forty a better one. If a play is ever so bad, the astute critic can find much good in it, if he looks through the greenback *lorgnette* furnished by the business office of the mighty organ of public opinion by which he is employed. The book reviewer's judgment is warped in the same way; his favor is bought at the cashier's desk.

I WILL NOT argue with a paper that should be so much better informed on matters of journalistic fact than I am; but I will simply say that for five or six years I happened to be the literary and

dramatic critic of the best known morning paper in New York, and that never in that time was I asked to praise or blame a book or a play. I had full liberty to speak my mind—and I usually spoke it. If my judgment of a play differed from that of the audience, I said so, and I am as sure as I am of my existence that there was no collusion between the publisher of the paper and the manager of the theatre. In the matter of book-reviews, I may safely say that no paper in New York gave more space at that time to the subject, and no paper had fewer publishers' advertisements. Most newspapers give special rates to publishers; this paper did not, and therefore it was only on the rarest occasions that it had half a column of publishers' advertisements. There was one publisher, whose advertisement (though short) appeared in nearly every issue. His publications were novels of a sensational sort, that I did not think worthy of attention; and this publisher was about the only one whose books were passed by unnoticed.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

THE RECENT destruction (in the fire that consumed the picture-gallery of Mr. W. W. Phelps) of Mr. Frederick E. Church's 'Damascus' brings painfully to mind the fact that, with two exceptions, all of the works of this eminent landscape-painter are practically lost to the art-loving portion of the public, and have been so lost for years past, in private galleries. Of the two accessible pictures, one, 'Niagara,' is in the Corcoran Gallery; the other, 'Cotopaxi,' is secluded in the semi-privacy of the Lenox Library. For the benefit of the generation that has arrived at years of appreciation since some of Mr. Church's most important works disappeared from public view, it is greatly to be desired that they should be brought out from their retirement and exhibited in a group. Such an exhibition would be organized very properly under the auspices of the National Academy—where Mr. Church's pictures first were seen; and under the guarantee of so responsible an institution, no difficulty should be encountered in inducing the several owners to part with their property for a time for the public good. The works owned in New York, which thus might be brought together, are 'The Heart of the Andes,' 'The Aegean Sea,' 'Chimborazo,' 'The Parthenon,' 'The Andes of Ecuador,' 'Morning in the Tropics,' 'Aurora Borealis,' 'Mount Desert,' and several minor works which, while smaller in size than the foregoing, are equally admirable in treatment and execution. Very possibly, arrangements could be made by which the 'Niagara' and 'Cotopaxi' could be added to the collection: which then—but for the lack of the famous iceberg picture, now in London—would be truly representative. The result would be a display of landscape art, at once interesting and delightful, that would be something in the nature of a revelation to the younger generation of art-lovers—to which Mr. Church's singularly fine work is known practically only by name, and at the same time would give great pleasure to those older art-lovers to whom his work is a delightful but fading memory.

—The National Academy exhibition closed last Saturday. The sales (84 works) amounted to \$22,000, a much smaller sum than usual. Recent sales include Edward Moran's 'The Rescue' \$1200, Edgar M. Ward's 'Scene in a Foundry' \$650, and H. R. Poore's 'Fox Hounds' \$375.

—The annual distribution of prizes took place at the National Academy last week. The silver Suydam medal in the life-school (day class) was awarded to William Thorne, and the bronze Suydam medal to Miss Kate Cooper. The prizes were distributed by J. G. Brown, Chairman of the School Committee, in the absence of L. E. Wilmarth.

—Among the pictures sold at the Prize-Fund exhibition are Edward Gay's 'Ripening Grain' \$150, C. C. Curran's 'July Sunshine' \$125, Leon Moran's 'A Revolutionist' \$150, and Percy Moran's 'A Forgotten Strain' \$450.

—The Senate bill, authorizing the participation of the United States in the projected art exhibition at Brussels this year, has been passed.

—The Metropolitan Museum has purchased a portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, from the Carroll estate. It was painted for Daniel Carroll, and was recently exhibited at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

—Mr. Daniel C. Beard lectured last week before the Art-Students' League on 'The Angel in Art.' He claimed that the conventional representation of human beings with bird's wings is anatomically impossible. He also dwelt upon the idea of giving flying squirrel's wings to the devil as typifying descending flight. Yet Milton makes Satan, after his fall, declare that 'Descent to us is adverse.'

—An exhibition of water-colors was held at the Union League Club last week. Four-fifths of the works shown were by American artists. They included examples of Abbey, Turner, Miss Greateorex, Low, Lafarge, Homer, Shirlaw, Chase and Freer. Among the foreign artists represented were Barye, Mauve, Maris, Leloir, Jacque, Rico and Vibert.

—Seventy-one oils by M. de l'Aubinière and thirty-three water-colors by Mme. de l'Aubinière were sold for \$3592 at the Fifth Avenue Galleries last week. The second evening's sale did not take place, owing to inclement weather.

—The Carolina Art Association at Charleston recently held an exhibition of work by its pupils to close the season. This school was organized some years ago by New York artists. It is now in charge of Miss L. Fery, a pupil of Duran, Vollon and Desgoffe, who holds four French government medals and employs the best French methods of teaching.

—An interesting and valuable collection of bric-à-brac and pictures belonging to J. H. Bensusan, a Spanish artist resident in New York, was on view at Moore's gallery previous to the sale beginning on Tuesday last. The collection of pictures included a number of water-colors by Mr. Bensusan, well handled and transparent in color.

—Messrs. Duprat & Co. have on exhibition at 349 Fifth Avenue, the original designs by Ed. de Beaumont to Brantôme's 'Les Dames Galantes' (Jouaust edition).

—The Gotham Art Students held their annual exhibit on May 10. A great deal of good work was shown. The black and white work of Misses Shepley, Baldwin, Bonford and Oakey, Mrs. H. A. Cooper, John T. O'Sullivan and Mr. Rosemeyer was very creditable. Animal pictures by Matilda Lotz and a Venetian subject by Miss A. F. Dupré were worthy of attention.

—Decorators and others who may wish for select examples of the rich style of surface ornament variously known as 'Celtic,' or 'Runic,' or 'Anglo-Saxon,' will find them, taken from old manuscripts, jewelry, church doors and sculptured crosses, in 'Early Christian Art in Ireland,' written by Margaret Stokes and published by E. & J. B. Young & Co. There is much, also, in the book to interest the archæologist and the student of church history. The illustrations are numerous and reasonably well done.

—Having for twenty-five years edited the Philadelphia *Photographer*, Mr. Edward S. Wilson finds in its pages much information of practical value to photographers which has been forgotten, perhaps, even by those who first communicated it. This he has sorted out and condensed, and it accompanies, in the form of notes, his history of the progress of photography in his time. ('A Quarter-Century of Photography,' New York: E. S. Wilson.) As an historical sketch, his book is worth reading; but its principal value is in these notes, which will be better appreciated by the working photographer than by the amateur. The chapter on the application of the principles of composition may be of use to both. Only very slight accounts are given of the most recent discoveries in photography.

With an Old Magazine.*

[M. E. W., in *Temple Bar*.]

In direct contrast to the studious life of 'gentle Mr. Cary' was that of Thomas Wainwright, who was also on the staff of the *London*, where he wrote under the name of Janus Weathercock. He was an immense favorite with both his colleagues and employers, and when in 1837 the popular and polished man was brought to justice and sentenced to transportation for life, the amazement of his friends was unparalleled. The soberer amongst them had laughed at Wainwright as a fop and a dandy it was true, but he had nevertheless been dubbed the prince of good fellows by universal consent, and his house at Turnham Green had been the scene of many a pleasant supper-party. It was afterwards discovered that this worthy had two several ways by which he supplemented his literary earnings. Poor John Scott had introduced him to his father-in-law, who was none other than Colnaghi the noted printseller in Pall Mall; and Wainwright persuaded the latter to let him sell some costly engravings on commission. The engravings once in his possession, he cut them from their mounts, and, selling them for what they would fetch, put cheap copies of the self same engravings in their place. The mounts, of course, bore the price, etc., clearly written in Colnaghi's well-known handwriting, and as purchasers never thought of disputing with such a trustworthy and noted judge, Wainwright was enabled to sell his pictures for perhaps a hundred times their value. His second method was even simpler. He poisoned his wife's mother and

* Continued from May 12, and concluded.

sister, his uncle and his niece, and it is believed other people as well, for the sake of obtaining the money for which their lives were insured; and the not least extraordinary part of the matter is that, through some legal hitch which the mind of a mere layman cannot grasp, he was never tried for murder, but simply for forgery. The fact of his dying raving mad gave some coloring to the kindly theory that he had never been wholly right in his mind; but neither his monthly articles nor his social bearing were other than those of a perfectly sane man. In person he was short and rather fat, with nervous, fidgety ways, a low voice, and shining eyes.

Turning over the earlier pages of our old magazine, we come upon a poem by Bryan Procter, or 'Barry Cornwall,' as he elected to be called; and another by John Keats. In their way these two poets were as strongly contrasted to each other as the book-lover Cary to the murderer Wainwright. The one was such an embodiment of life, of intensity of action, of brightness, and of sunshine. Whether we think of him as the young solicitor, whose rhymes rang in his head as he paced the London streets, and who contracted the whimsical habit of rushing into the nearest shop and buying the first article that caught his eye, for the sake of scribbling the newly-made verses upon the paper in which it was wrapped; or whether we think of him as the delicately-minded gentleman who, suspecting a struggling writer to be in money difficulties, forced upon him the loan of fifty pounds, with the remark, 'I shall not tell even my wife!'—in either case we feel equally the sunny personality of the man.* And if 'Life' be the first word which rises to our lips in connection with Barry Cornwall, it would not perhaps be an over-stretched expression to say that his fellow-worker might be named as the poet of Death. Not that John Keats was a particularly morbid-minded man. His intense love of the beautiful kept him from that world-sickened feeling which is the especial characteristic of morbid natures; but his mind was intensely introspective, and the knowledge of a rapidly coming death tinged his entire thought, and consequently his writing. The bright buoyant letters of the elder poet, which he wrote to his future wife when on the eve of marriage, are as different as laughter from tears to the sad pathetic messages sent by the dying Keats to his beloved Fanny. 'Send me the words "Good-night" to put under my pillow,' he pleads, when warned by the twilight that he cannot see her until the morrow; and the patient wistfulness with which he awaits the charm which is to bring him 'a sleep full of sweet dreams,' is as haunting as the cheery laugh of his luckier fellow-poet.

Fronting the page where Tom Hood's maiden effort is suitably inscribed 'To Hope,' we light upon a graphic description of the violent burst of party feeling which showed itself in June, 1821, when Queen Caroline entered the Covent Garden Theatre. The writer was William Hazlitt, who was responsible for the dramatic intelligence; but as we sat turning over the dusty pages of the old *London Magazine*, we did not do more than glance at the account and pass on. Like Charles Lamb, the dearest and most lovable member of this literary group, we must confess to being 'a bundle of prejudices,' and we do not sufficiently care for Hazlitt to be able to appreciate or to sympathize with him. We fully endorse Leigh Hunt's admiration of Hazlitt as a brilliant colorist and word-painter, and think the former's curt criticism one of the best ever penned: 'Hazlitt's criticism on Art threw a light upon the subject as from a painted window.' But at the same time we would beg to differ from Barry Cornwall's contemptuous despair of an age that has forgotten to read Hazlitt.

One of the latest volumes (for the magazine stopped in 1825) affords us a peep of Walter Savage Landor in the 'Conversation,' where he reviewed Wordsworth's poems, and gained thereby a letter of thanks from the Lake poet: and a dozen other names might have been added to the list of the magazine contributors; but the scanty winter sunshine was failing, and the last half-hour was to be devoted to the quaint delicious writings of the man whom his enthusiastic comrade De Quincey dubbed 'the very noblest of human beings.'

Charles Lamb. What a rush of memories comes with the mere utterance of the name! How thoroughly we seem to be at home with the man whose intense individuality was so strongly marked, even in those times of remarkable men, that there was not one member of the staff of *The London Magazine* but thought his first sight of Lamb a noteworthy occurrence, and deserving of special mention. There is no time when he is hidden from our sight. We can follow him as a lad of one-and-twenty, 'starving at the India House since seven o'clock without any dinner,' getting 'overworn and quite faint,' and then returning to the desolate household where the bent figure of his old father was not a more actual presence to him than the remembrance of his murdered mother and his poor

banished sister. We can be with him through the long home evenings when his whole spirit rebelled against his thralldom and cried fiercely for the necessary leisure in which to frame its glowing thoughts into words. We can be close to him in the long years that followed, when he chose to burden himself with the charge of his sister, rather than cherish the love-hopes that were springing into life. We can track the pair as they lived their life, now seeing them in 'the sweet security of the streets,' bargaining at some old bookstall, or waiting at the entrance of the theatrical pit, and again meeting them on their way to the Hoxton madhouse, weeping bitterly, and hand in hand.

The Southsea House was Elia's first essay in the *London*, and it appeared in the August number of 1820; while the last was 'Captain Jackson,' which came out in November, 1824. The papers did not create the immense stir and discussion which followed on De Quincey's 'Confessions,' but never were essays so widely read. A proof of the impetus they gave to the circulation of the magazine is afforded in the fact that the proprietors paid their writer two or three times the amount of the usual rate of a guinea a page.

Never was there a man who wrote so thoroughly for writing's sake, if we may judge by the polish and perfection which he bestowed upon his private letters, no less than upon his essays. He added sensibly to the wealth of literature. His 'Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets' was the first attempt of the kind to revive the lesser Shakspearian lights: his 'Tales for Children,' and more especially his delicious story of 'Prince Dorus,' form in themselves a weighty addition to that child-literature in which so few writers have been successful: his verses have nearly always the true poet-ring about them: his essays have given delight to thousands. But his letters are his chiefest monument; and this is so because Charles Lamb's mind was essentially one which worked best when wholly untrammelled and at ease. He could not write under pressure.—'You must remember they were task-work,' he said to Coleridge when speaking of his 'Poetry for Children,'—and consequently it is in his letters, where his writing came spontaneously and straight from the heart, that Lamb is emphatically at his best. He was odd and whimsical if you will, for those were not levelling days, and no modern Radical despotism then checked originality as it now does with such relentless severity (no despot equal to your democrat for intolerance); but Lamb was true and tender, and he never hurt a woman or betrayed a friend. It is easy to cavil with Carlyle at Lamb's undoubted peculiarities, or to recall the one grave failing of his life; but it should at the same time be remembered that it is not so easy to sum up

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

Of these Lamb's life was full.

As we close the old magazine we echo the concluding words of the poem which Lamb's friend Henry Cary penned when the sad news of the essayist's death reached him:

'Tis done, and thou hast joined a crew
To whom thy soul was justly due;
And yet, I think, where'er thou be,
They'll hardly love thee more than we.

Current Criticism

EMERSON'S MATTER AND MANNER.—There have been many spiritual voices, appealing, consoling, reassuring, exhorting, or even denouncing and terrifying, but none has had just that firmness and just that purity. It penetrates further, it seems to go back to the roots of our feelings, to where conduct and manhood begin; and moreover, to us to-day, there is something in it that says that it is connected somehow with the virtue of the world, has wrought and achieved, lived in thousands of minds, produced a mass of character and life. And there is this further sign of Emerson's singular power, that he is a striking exception to the general rule that writings live in the last resort by their form; that they owe a large part of their fortune to the art with which they have been composed. It is hardly too much, or too little, to say of Emerson's writings in general that they were not composed at all. Many and many things are beautifully said: he had felicities, inspirations, unforgettable phrases: he had frequently an exquisite eloquence. . . . None the less we have the impression that that search for a fashion and manner on which he was always engaged never really came to a conclusion: it draws itself out through his later writings—it drew itself out through his later lectures, like a sort of renunciation of success. It is not on these, however, but on their predecessors, that his reputation will rest. Of course the way he spoke was the way that was on the whole most convenient to him; but he differs from most men-of-letters of the same degree of credit in failing to

* For the benefit of those who like the sequel to a pretty story, we may add that the money thus generously given was the means of prolonging a dear life, and that it was eventually most scrupulously repaid.

strike us as having achieved a style. This achievement is, as I say, usually the bribe or toll-money on the journey to posterity; and if Emerson goes his way, as he clearly appears to be doing, on the strength of his message alone, the case will be rare, the exception striking and the honor great.—*Henry James, in Macmillan's.*

MORLEY ON LINCOLN AND WASHINGTON.—Mill was the chief influence for Mr. Morley as for most of his contemporaries in those days. Later came many modifications of Mill's doctrines, but for awhile he was disciple and not critic. Turgot attracted him; Turgot was to him 'a great and inspiring character.' Burke is of course in the list of formative teachers. Mr. Morley held Mill's doctrines about politics, that the test of practical, political or social proposals is not their conformity to abstract ideals, but convenience, utility, expediency and occasion. 'If I were pressed,' says he, 'for an illustration of these principles at work, inspiring the minds and guiding the practice of responsible statesmen in great transactions of our own day and generation, I should point to the sage, the patient, the triumphant action of Abraham Lincoln in the emancipation of the negro slaves.' Nothing could be more interesting than such a tribute to Lincoln from an English scholar. But is there any record of Lincoln having studied Comte's 'Positive Philosophy,' or even Mill's 'Logic' and 'Utilitarianism'? Again, does Mr. Morley go to America for an ideal, or hero—Washington. He quotes Jefferson's character of Washington as coming far nearer to the right pattern of a great ruler than can be found in any of Carlyle's splendid dithyrambs. Such then were Mr. Morley's teachers, such are his models of great men in public life—remote enough, certainly, from the precursors of, or the actors in, the French Revolution. Nobody could be less like Rousseau than Mill. Never had any ruler less of the Jacobin in him than Washington or Lincoln. The defence is complete as far as it goes.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

HUGO AS AN ARTIST.—Victor Hugo is taking all the laurels from the Salon. His relatives have collected all his drawings and many other intimate souvenirs of his talent in an artistic line, and these are being exhibited in the Petit Galerie. It was a favorite theory of the poet that he could have been a great artist. It is curious to note how little attention the artist gave to color or the kind of material he used. The drawings show that he made use of anything, from an ink-bottle to the yellow stain of coffee and milk; from pen and pencil to a blunt stick dipped in mud and water, and out of this ready-at-hand material he made some marvellous delineations à la Doré of his own creations. He had no school and nothing to follow but his own cleverness and originality. On the margin of manuscripts he has given his own idea of what image they should create and define and in many cases there are careful illustrations, wonderful always, and stamped with indelible strength. From drawings he turned to frame-making and wood-carving, in the latter evidently inclining to the intricate and minute weirdness of Japanese ideas. There are about 150 drawings, beginning with small sepia sketches and growing into large pen and ink illustrations—Gothic castles, rude moated granges, knights, cathedrals, wondrous cities of dreamland, and innumerable sea views purely imaginative. There are many caricatures with legends, like the one of the bourgeois trying to decide about the existence of God, and another to tell how a judge anathematized the idea of abolishing capital punishment.—*Paris Correspondent of The New York Times.*

THE PRIMROSE PATH.—It is undoubtedly true that the mind, no matter in what waste or desert region it may have its birthplace, will find out its own kingdom, at length, and rule therein. The histories of most people who have reached eminence in literature, science or art teach us that they were forced to struggle against such obstructions as would have daunted less valorous spirits. The tools they worked with may have been poor and their surroundings discouraging, but the unerring hand and the unresting brain gave a compelling impulse not to be disregarded. To dominate circumstance is the characteristic of genius.

Yet many a lotus-eater, whose idleness is as inborn as that fierce energy which makes men leaders and prophets, has fondly pleased himself with thinking of the stores of solid information and useful knowledge he might have gathered, but for the seductive voices that so early called him away from the exact sciences. As Thomas the Rhymer followed the enchanted hart and hind through the forest, and into the realm of Faery, and returned no more, so he, pixie-led by Romance and Poetry, has wandered far a-field, nor ever found the way home again. Yet he likes to believe that the accident of his environment is more to blame than he. To live in a house full of light literature, he argues, is as irresistible to the young intellect as a house full of bonbons would be to the young appetite. 'Sweets

with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.' True, Gibbon and the many-lived Plutarch may be pointed at, suggestively, where they frown from the book-shelves, and older voices may be heard to mutter such phrases as 'injurious to the mind,' concerning his favorite mental pabulum. But at that age one is no more conscious of the mind than of the body. Both are feather-weights. Youth lives as it breathes—unconsciously,—not having learned how many inhalations per minute are a necessity of 'healthy respiration.'—*J. K. Wetherill, in New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Notes

MR. W. CUSHING has just issued a circular in which he says:—'I am sorry to say that my recent attempt to obtain a subscription list that would enable me to publish my "Anonyms" was a failure, and therefore I cancel it and offer new terms. I propose, then, that the work be issued in parts of 200 pages each, like Sabin's "Bibliotheca Americana," in paper, at \$5 a part. I have now collected about 25,000 titles of anonymous books and pamphlets, with the names of the authors, and think they will cover from 800 to 1000 pages. These will make four or five parts.'

—It has been decided to call the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott of *The Christian Union* to the vacant pulpit of Plymouth Church. Dr. Abbott was an old friend and associate of Mr. Beecher's, and has been temporarily taking his place. He is well-known as a writer and speaker of unusual ability, and a man of great force of character and thoroughly progressive spirit.

—A very interesting budget of 'Recollections of My Childhood,' by the late Miss Alcott, is printed in *The Youth's Companion* of May 24. It begins with this paragraph:—'One of my earliest memories is of playing with books in my father's study. Building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist, and I often wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, castle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a very profitable amusement.'

—It is officially announced that the contributors to the No-Name number of *Lippincott's* are H. H. Boyesen, Helen Gray Cone, Rebecca Harding Davis, Edgar Fawcett, Henry Harland ('Sidney Luska'), Sidney Lanier, Joaquin Miller, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, and Henry D. Thoreau. The June number will contain a complete novel by Mrs. Poultny Bigelow, entitled 'Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke.'

—The British Association for the Advancement of Science has cast upon Mr. Horatio Hale, of Clinton, Ontario, the charge of revising the whole ethnology of the Canadian Dominion. Mr. Hale has arranged with Dr. Boas of *Science* to visit British Columbia and prepare a report on that region, and will send another good investigator to the tribes near the Rocky Mountains. In noting Mr. Hale's assignment to this important work, the Committee of the Association refer to him as an investigator 'whose experience and skill in such research are certified to by his volume embodying the ethnography of the Exploring Expedition under Capt. Wilkes, and by his subsequent publications relating to Canada.'

—'A Modern Brigand,' by the author of 'Miss Bayle's Romance,' will be issued in London immediately by Bentley & Son. The novel is dedicated by permission 'to my friend Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, . . . with heartfelt wishes for his speedy recovery of the health required to resume the labors which have elucidated English literature and enriched the literature of France.'

—The performance of 'Hamlet' at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening, as a complimentary benefit to Mr. Wallack, will be one of the notable events in the history of the American stage. The cast includes Messrs. Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, John Gilbert, Mayo, Florence, and Bangs, and Mme. Modjeska, Rose Eytinge, and Miss Coghlan.

—Miss Vokes is to take part in the Wallack benefit on Monday evening, so there will be no performance at Daly's Theatre. The last week of her engagement there will begin on Tuesday, and there will be changes of bill on Thursday and Saturday evenings.

—Mr. John Jacob Astor has presented to the Astor Library a lot of land in Lafayette Place adjoining that institution so that it may control its nearest neighbors, and be better protected in case of fire.

—From the report of the President of the Mercantile Library Association, presented at the annual meeting last week, it appears that the 5457 people entitled to draw books from the library read 151,000 volumes during the year. Fiction alone was credited with 79,000 volumes circulated, mathematical works with 171. The num-

ber of volumes belonging to the library on April 30, was 219,502. During the year 6793 were added. The Library is out of debt and has \$3300 to its credit in the bank. At the annual election last Tuesday evening, Charles H. Patrick, Charles H. Hall, A. Wetmore, Jr., and Alphonse Christlieb were elected Directors.

—Mr. Stevenson says of Dickens, in 'Some Gentlemen in Fiction' in the June *Scribner's*: 'Here was a man and an artist, the most strenuous, one of the most endowed; and for how many years he labored in vain to create a gentleman! With all his watchfulness of men and manners, with all his fiery industry, with his exquisite gift of native characterization, with his clear knowledge of what he meant to do, there was yet something lacking.' Mr. T. B. Aldrich contributes to the same magazine a poem entitled 'Corydon—A Pastoral.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. published on Wednesday 'In Nesting Time,' by Olive Thorne Miller; 'Tenting at Stony Beach,' by Maria L. Pool; 'The Argonauts of North Liberty,' by Bret Harte; and 'A Dream of Church Windows: Poems of House and Home,' by John J. Piatt.

—A. D. F. Randolph & Co. will publish early in June 'Stubble or Wheat? A Story of More Lives than One,' by S. Bayard Dod.

—Noble Deeds of our Fathers, as Told by Soldiers of the Revolution, Gathered Around the Old Bell of Independence, revised and adapted for supplementary reading in schools, will soon be published by Lee & Shepard.

—Mr. Whittaker will issue next week the second and concluding part of 'God in Creation and in Worship.'

—*The Universal Review* is the title of a new monthly just started in London, with Mr. Harry Quilter as editor, and Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co., as publishers. It has been founded for a two-fold purpose, says the prospectus—'that of supplying a journal of international character, and of making one interesting to all classes of readers.' The arts of painting, fiction and the drama will be particularly well represented. The first serial novel is from the pen of Alphonse Daudet. The *Review* will be illustrated.

—Judge Tourgée has begun a department in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* called 'A Bystander's Notes,' in which he will discuss politics, literature, or any subject that strikes his fancy.

—Intending subscribers for the 'Dictionary of Slang, Jargon and Cant,' compiled by Prof. Albert Barrère and Mr. C. G. Leland, already announced in these columns, should address Mr. G. May (Messrs. Whittaker & Co.), 2 White Hart Street, London. The volume will be uniform in style with Prof. Barrère's 'Argot and Slang.' Copies in half-morocco cost, in London, 2s. 2s., and in velum 1s. 11s. 6d.

—'A Bachelor's Wedding Trip, by Himself,' a book for summer reading which is said to contain 'some amusing chapters on Philadelphia Society,' is announced by the Penn Publishing Co. of Philadelphia.

—C. N. B., in a communication filling near a column and a half of *The Commercial Advertiser* of May 9, reprints in full, and with hearty endorsement, Mr. James Buckham's article, 'Shall Literature be Taught?' from *THE CRITIC* of May 5. He calls it a very remarkable article, and alludes to the paper in which it appears as 'a very admirable journal of criticism.'

—Mr. Augustine Birrell (author of 'Obiter Dicta') will, it is said, become a son-in-law of the Laureate, before long, by marrying the widow of Mr. Lionel Tennyson.

—The Sauveur Summer School of Languages, which has come to be a recognized factor in the educational work of the country, will be open this year (at the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vt.), from July 9 to Aug. 17.

—Miss Ida C. Allen, of Dover, N. H., has been called to the Professorship of Literature at Smith College.

—Marcus Aurelius is said to have been Matthew Arnold's favorite author. A correspondent of *The Pall Mall Gazette* relates that on the morning that his eldest son died, the bereaved father was found turning the pages of the Roman philosopher for consolation.

—'It was,' says *The St. James's Gazette*, 'with great difficulty that M. Meilhac was induced by his friends to start the candidature which has ended so satisfactorily for a seat in the French Academy. His claims to fill Labiche's vacant chair were pretty generally recognized, as he knew; but he has the reputation of being somewhat Bohemian in his ways of living, like Alexander Dumas, whom the Academicians could never be brought to accept as a colleague. But the Academy have grown more tolerant since the days of Alexander the Great, and the dramatist met with an excellent reception even from those of its members who for one reason or other could not vote for him.'

—Mr. Dana Estes, the Boston publisher who has taken so prominent a part in the International Copyright movement, sailed for Europe last Saturday.

—The edition of Clough's works in two volumes is out of print and will not be reissued; but a volume of his prose works, uniform with the current edition of his poems, will be published immediately by Macmillan & Co.

—Mr. John Bigelow, whose admirable edition of Franklin's Works will be complete in a few weeks, has accepted the appointment of United States Commissioner at the Brussels Exposition, and will sail in a few days for Belgium.

—Bonds to the amount of \$400,000 are to be issued for repairs and additions to the buildings of the American Museum of Natural History in Central Park.

—*The New York Law Journal* is now the official publication of the courts instead of *The Daily Register*, which has enjoyed that profitable distinction for more than seventeen years. The new organ was started about two months ago by George W. Pearce, for many years the City Hall reporter of the *Tribune*. It gets \$4000 a year for publishing the calendars of the courts every day, and all legal advertisements must be published in it. Its expenses are light.

—Mr. Harold Brydges, in 'Uncle Sam at Home,' says of *THE CRITIC*: 'It is ably conducted, and it includes in its list of contributors the brightest names of American literature.'

—A. S. Barnes & Co. have in press a history of Germany by Theodore S. Fay, formerly a well-known writer in New York and at one time American Minister to Switzerland. He is now 81 years old.

—Geo. Routledge & Sons have arranged with A. C. Armstrong & Son to publish an English edition of 5000 copies of Miss Grace King's novel, 'Monsieur Motte,' paying a net sum as royalty, with the promise of another payment on the second edition of a like number.

—'Nana' reappears from the Peterson press in a 25-cent edition.

—Michael Heilprin, author of the 'Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews,' who died at Summit, N. J., on Thursday, May 10, was by birth (1823) a Polish Jew, but removed in early life to Hungary, and was attached to the cause of the revolutionists of '48. He was intimately associated with Kossuth, after whose fall he went into exile. He came to America in 1856; and remaining here (unlike Kossuth), he became a citizen of the United States. He rendered yeoman service in the editorial revision of 'Appleton's American Cyclopædia;' and from its fourth number was a regular contributor to *The Nation*. 'Few American scholars,' says *The Evening Post*, 'have written more or more continuously for its columns, or have done more to establish its reputation for critical authority and accuracy; while none, perhaps, has been so closely and warmly attached to its fortunes.' The first volume of his 'Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews' appeared in 1879, and the second the following year; the third he left behind him, unfinished, in manuscript. His shattered health of late years is attributed largely to his unremitting labors in behalf of the exiled Jews, who came to America on their expulsion from Russian territory, and for whom the late Emma Lazarus likewise did her utmost with tongue and pen. Mr. Heilprin leaves a wife and several children, one of whom (Angelo) is a Professor in the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, and author of 'The Geographical and Geological Distribution of Animals,' published last year, and 'The Geological Evidences of Evolution,' reviewed in our last issue.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1330.—The story of the Frenchman and his dog is printed in the *Chicago Standard* of May 17, presumably in consequence of the attention called to it in this column.

No. 1342.—3. Spenser's 'Fairy Queen.' 4. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop's 'Closing Chords.'

MANHATTAN, KANSAS.

F.

[M. A. N., New York, also answers the second of these two questions. 'Closing Chords,' originally printed in *The Atlantic* over ten years ago, will appear in Mrs. Lathrop's volume of poems, 'Along the Shore,' about to be issued by Ticknor & Co.]

No. 1843.—See also *The Century* for July, 1887, page 418.
155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

L. E. W.

QUESTIONS.

No. 1844.—In a letter of Franklin to Dr. Cooper of Boston, written in 1770, occurs this paragraph:—"I have now in hand a piece (intended for the public at a convenient time) which I hope will satisfy many others, even on this side of the water, that *every lady of Genoa is not a Queen of Corsica*." The italics are mine. Can you tell me what this means. From the way the locution is used, it appears to have had in Franklin's day a special significance.
GRAMERCY PARK, NEW YORK.

J. B.

No. 1845.—What would THE CRITIC call a woman table-servant? A learned and punctilious friend reproves me for saying 'waitress;' and 'waiter,' for both sexes, is hardly fit. Most of us acknowledge poet, doctor, director, editor, with the preface 'woman' when required, to be in better taste than poetess, doctress, directress, editress. The former words seem to serve the double need as well as painter, etcher, teacher, student, pupil, cook, etc. Yet to-day THE CRITIC speaks of 'Miss Mary Grant, the Scotch sculptress;' and in the May *Atlantic* Henry James says 'I softly followed my conductress,' when 'guide' would have answered every purpose. Only the other day I heard a cultivated woman say 'doctress,' and she did *not* mean an Indian quack. In no spirit of criticism then, but of interested inquiry, I ask that we may have THE CRITIC's opinion as to which, if any, of the words of this class we may use consistently with our duty to our mother tongue.

NEW YORK.

M. L. McL.

[If we said sculptress, it was by a slip of the pen—or the types; yet we should feel no hesitation in saying waitress. Why we should thus make fish of the one and flesh of the other, as it were, we do not know; yet the fact remains that we would. We should call the late Mrs. Jackson a poet, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge an editor (she is a poet, too, by the way, but that is not to the point), Mrs. Putnam-Jacobi a doctor, Miss Grant a sculptor, a woman who preached, a preacher; one who taught, a teacher; and one who stood behind our chair and served our meals, a—waitress. Perhaps we oughtn't to, but we should.]

No. 1846.—Will you kindly tell me the author of the little poem: 'If I should die to-night'?

TACOMA, W. T.

C. J. S. G.

[A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* (quoted on p. 171 of THE CRITIC of April 2, 1887) attributed the lines to Mr. R. C. Vivian Myers, of Philadelphia, who, he said, wrote them many years ago. He did not die that night, nor in fact at all, but was living a year ago, and is, for aught we know, still in the enjoyment of all his faculties. Mr. Haggard appropriated the poem in 'Jess.']

No. 1847.—Can you tell me whether there is any American translation, complete or partial, of the writings of Rabelais?

NEW YORK.

J. D.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Alexander, S. B. The Veiled Beyond.	Cassell & Co.
Anagnos, M. Helen Keller.	Boston: Rand, Avery Co.
Baumbach, R. Summer Legends. Tr. by H. B. Dole.	\$1.25	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Blakelee, T. M. Academic Trigonometry.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Blakie, W. G. First Book of Samuel.	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Daudet, A. The Partners.	Rand, McNally & Co.
De St. Bris, T. Discovery of the Origin of the Name of America.	American News Co.
Fawcett, E. A Man's Will.	\$1.50	Funk & Wagnalls.
Francillon, R. E. King or Knave.	Rand, McNally & Co.
George Riddle's Readings.	\$1	Boston: W. H. Baker & Co.
Griffiths, A. The Wrong Road.	Rand, McNally & Co.
Hill, G. A. Lessons in Geometry.	75c	Ginn & Co.
Hyde, M. F. Practical Lessons in the Use of English.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Kennard, Mrs. Edw. A Real Good Thing.	Rand, McNally & Co.
King, G. Monsieur Motte.	\$1.25	A. C. Armstrong & Son.
Mackay, C. Dictionary of Lowland Scotch.	53c	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Malcolm, John. Sketches of Persia.	10c	Cassell & Co.
Norris, W. E. Chris.	50c	Macmillan & Co.
Norris, W. E. Chris.	50c	Rand, McNally & Co.
Pater, W. The Renaissance.	\$2	Macmillan & Co.
Perrault's Popular Tales. Ed. by A. Lang.	\$1.90	Macmillan & Co.
Pomeroy, H. S. The Ethics of Marriage.	\$1	Funk & Wagnalls.
Ralphdon, H. F. The Age of Cleveland.	\$1	F. A. Stokes & Bro.
Shairp, J. C. Glen Dessaray. Ed. by F. T. Palgrave.	75c	Macmillan & Co.
Shakespeare, W. The Merchant of Venice. Ed. by H. H. Furness.	\$4	Philad. B. Lippincott Co.
Spence, H. D. M., Exell, J. S., and Neil, C., editors. Thirty Thousand Thoughts.	Vol. VI. \$3.50	Funk & Wagnalls.
Spurgeon, C. H. My Sermon Notes.	\$1	Funk & Wagnalls.
Stedman, E. C., and Hutchinson, E. M., editors. Library of American Literature. Vols. I., II., III.	C. L. Webster & Co.
Stein, J. F. German Exercises.	Boston: Ginn & Co.
Sylvester, H. M. Homestead Highways.	\$1.50	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Tolstoi, L. N. Life. Tr. by I. F. Haggood.	\$1.25	T. Y. Crowell & Co.
Trail, H. D. William The Third.	60c	Macmillan & Co.

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